

Love you looking at me by Jancys_Blue_Bayou

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Blow Jobs, F/M, Fluff and Smut, Hand Jobs, Oral Sex, Shower Sex, Smuff, Smut

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-06-14

Updated: 2018-06-14

Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:00:39

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,992

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

To one day step out of the shower, look in the mirror and just plain like what she sees. On a good day she's sort of fine with what she sees. It is what it is. On most days she can't help but see all her flaws and imperfections.

So yeah. She doesn't care, really. But she doesn't really like looking at herself. But then again who does?

Jonathan. She prefers to look at Jonathan. And she loves the way he looks at her. Yeah yeah, she knows. She should feel good about herself, on her own. But maybe having the sweetest guy in the whole damn world look at her like she's a beautiful marvel helps her on her way to that? And what's wrong with that?

Love you looking at me

Author's Note:

Day 5 of Jancy Fanfic Week is NSFW day. This is for an anon prompt: "nancy is lowkey self conscious about her small breasts. When she goes down on Jonathan she decides to brush the tip of his dick on them and he goes crazy like she never seen before and suddenly she's not self conscious anymore lol."

During freshman year Carol 'joked' that "it will be so exciting for you when you'll get your first training bra, won't it?". Back then she was apparently the Nerd, who "doesn't even put out" and had "an okay ass but the worst tits among all the freshman girls" as she overheard Tommy H say.

During sophomore year she went from Nerd to Princess to Slutty Princess in rapid succession. She apparently still barely had any tits, according to the jocks, but at least she put out. Apparently.

Junior year and now she's apparently a Whore who will "do anyone" just because she's "so desperate". Apparently she dumped Steve at the Halloween party so she could get a sleazy motel room with the Perverted Freak Byers and let him screw her for days on end. But she apparently still had "the worst tits".

It's not like she *cares*. She doesn't. They're just stupid sad idiots who likes to pass judgement on others because they're insecure themselves. If there's one thing the events of the past two years has done, it's put things in perspective. Why care about what the stupid Hawkins High rumor mill has to say when you've done things like battle interdimensional monsters? It's stupid. So she doesn't care. Doesn't care that Carol writes WHORE on her locker, doesn't care that Stacy thinks she's a slut for dumping Steve and getting together with Jonathan. Doesn't care that she's apparently a "total nympho", and a "freak slut with a thing for creepy perverts", as the girls say; and a "tightass at school but an easy lay if you get her drunk" and a "desperate bitch who'll do *anything* she screwed Byers for fucks sake", as the boys say.

She doesn't care what they say about her body. She doesn't. She knows it's stupid. She knows they'll say anything just to bully you. Her breasts are small. She knows that. But they just want to bully her. If they were bigger they'd still bully her. They'll find faults in them either way. Hers are too small apparently. While Barb's somehow were too large, according to them. The idiots. You can't win. She doesn't care. That much.

But still. Shit, stuff festers. Lingers in her mind. She wishes she was stronger. She *is* strong. She's battled monsters and saved the world. She is strong enough to do what she wants, be with who she wants to be, be herself. She's strong enough to walk hand in hand with Jonathan Byers into school, head held high and just say fuck you (not literally) to Carol and all the rest. She doesn't really care what anyone thinks of her. Except for Jonathan. But she wishes she was even stronger. Strong enough to just let all the comments, all the remarks, *all the fucking reviews of her body* just roll off her. Instead of festering. To one day step out of the shower, look in the mirror and just plain *like* what she sees. On a good day she's sort of fine with what she sees. It is what it is. On most days she can't help but see all her flaws and imperfections.

So yeah. She doesn't care, really. But she doesn't really like looking at herself. But then again who does?

Jonathan. She prefers to look at Jonathan. And she *loves* the way he looks at her. Yeah yeah, she knows. She should feel good about herself, on her own. But maybe having the sweetest guy in the whole damn world look at her like she's a beautiful marvel helps her on her way to that? And what's wrong with that?

Like how he looks at her now. They're in her bed. She's already worked his shirt off of him because she's a girl who knows what she wants: *Him*. So now she's just worked her own shirt off, pulling it over her head. His gaze wander down from her face to her chest as her hands move behind her back to unhook her bra. He's seen her bare chest plenty of times by now. But every time he does he looks at her with wonder, like he's never seen such a heavenly sight before. Damn that feels good.

She kisses him deeply. He moans a little into her mouth and his

hands goes to her chest, gently cupping her breasts. A thumb stroking over a nipple makes her gasp into his mouth as the kissing continues. She leaves a trail of kisses down his cheek and jaw as she moves her lips to his neck. He whispers in her ear.

"You're so fucking beautiful."

He tells her she's beautiful a lot. A *lot* a lot. Like it's not even a line, or with an agenda. It's just his raw honest truth. How he says it. How he looks at her when he does. Steve told her she was beautiful too. When he wanted to have sex with her. Maybe he meant it anyway but. Jonathan tells her she's beautiful now, when they're both topless and she's on top of him with elaborate plans in mind. But he'll also tell her she's beautiful when they're walking through the woods on a Sunday afternoon just to talk in peace and enjoy each other's company. Or when they're sitting in his car having lunch. Or when they're sitting in his room studying for a test. He'll whisper it to her when they're snuggled up on the couch for movie night together with his mom and brother. Just again and again he will randomly drop it like it's just a true fact he discovers over and over again.

She can't resist pressing her lips to his neck and gently suck. She'll leave her mark there. He'll get a hickey. It won't be the first time. She just can't help herself.

"You too," she murmurs as her hands travel down from his broad shoulders over his strong, built, lean chest. Down over his abs until she's near her goal. She unbuttons his fly and shoves a hand down his pants. Plants a kiss to his chest as his breath hitches. She tugs at the hem of his pants and he's not exactly slow in aiding her in her quest to get them off. He frees himself from his boxers in the same go.

She captures his lips again and gently directs him to lean back into the pillows again. She scoots down, leaving a trail of kisses down his chest and stomach. Then her right boob accidentally moves over his dick. The tip of it twitches when it makes contact with her nipple. He's so hard. She looks up when she hears a new sound escape him, a new kind of moan she hasn't heard from him before. It's amazing to discover these things about him. And how she looks at him now.

"Did you like that?" She asks, intrigued.

"Y-yes," he breathes out.

She quickly moves down the rest of the way. Grasps his rock hard cock by the base. Leans down and gently steers it to her left boob, brushing the tip against her nipple. It happens again, it elicits the twitching and the noise, and also a "Fuck..." under his breath. This is amazing. She loves to make him feel good. And she just discovered a new way of doing it. She moves his cock to her right boob and gets the same reaction once more. Then she takes him in her mouth. He grips her sheets with his hands and whispers "Oh fuck" over and over again to that.

She lets her tongue swirl around his cock. Takes more of it in her mouth and starts to bob up and down, fast. His wonderful sweary blubbering continues. She loves it. It's not long before she can feel the telltale twitching of his cock against the roof of her mouth which lets her know she's gotten him right to the edge. She pulls back her mouth and angles her breasts down towards his cock again as she jerks him.

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck," he repeats as cum shoots out over her boobs. It's warm. Hot. In more ways than one, she finds. Some lands on himself too as she jerks him all the way through.

"Fuck," he says one more time. She looks up at him with a grin. He looks at her like she hung the moon and stars. "You're amazing," he states.

"Fuck that was hot," she giggles. "You're hot."

She glances down at her breasts. His gaze follows hers.

"That was amazing," he states. "You are... you have the most..." he trails off, suddenly a bit shy. He sometimes still is with her, despite everything. Like he's scared of saying the wrong thing even though he never does.

"What?" She gently coaxes.

"Your breasts are... just um... amazing. Perfect. Sorry I just-"

She cuts him off with a kiss.

"Thanks. I love that you..." She starts.

"... love them?" He finishes and immediately blushes profusely.

"Yes," she grins and kisses him again. "Come on, we need a shower," she continues, grabbing his hand and pulling him up off the bed.

He's already completely naked, she sheds her last items on the way to the shower. She knew she was excited too, of course. But she didn't notice until now how *soaked* her panties are. There's just something about seeing Jonathan, seeing his gorgeous body, seeing him moan, whimper and twitch, and knowing she's the cause of it.

She steps into the shower first, he follows her in. She turns on the shower head and steps under the spray, washing his cum off her breasts before stepping back a little to let him wash the cum off himself. Then he steps back again and she continues to wash herself, closing her eyes against the spray. She feels him embrace her from behind and smiles as he holds her close and kisses her neck.

He wraps one arm around her, holding her close. And steady. Then his other hand starts to move. Travels down her belly, down in between her thighs. She lets out a gasp as he reaches her pussy. She's dripping wet – and not just from the shower. His agile fingers move, finding her clit. He rubs circles with two fingers.

"Oh fuck... oh fuck..." it's her turn to blubber as he hits all the right spots.

He keeps kissing her neck at the same time as he rubs circles over her clit. The sensations builds and builds. She climbs higher and higher and higher until it spills over and she cums with a moan and a shudder, or more accurately several moans and a lot of shuddering. Thank God for his strong arm holding her steady and his broad shoulders that envelops her, being completely engulfed into him she remains standing even as her knees buckle. He keeps her upright.

And he keeps it up, doesn't stop his wonderful rubbing. Thank God her room has its own shower. Thank God for Jonathan's strong arms. Thank God for his fingers.

"Jonathan... oh... oh... oh... Jonathan!"

After her knees give out a second time she gently moves his hand up from her pussy to her hip because she simply can't take anymore now. On unsteady legs she slowly turns around in his embrace. He continues holding her steady as she pulls his head down a little to kiss him.

He grabs a towel and wraps it around her before grabbing another one for himself and quickly toweling off. He then wraps his arms around her and carries her out of the shower. All the way to her bed, which makes her giggle. She ain't complaining. She curls up in his embrace as they lay down. She looks up at him.

"I love the way you look at me," she tells him.

His kind eyes meets hers.

"I love looking at you."